Danny Yadgir

ELA- P2

December 21, 2010

The Blessing of Air

“Beep, beep, beep!” The alarm clock buzzed which reminded my family to catch our vacation plane ride from Chicago to Arizona, and finally to Maui, Hawaii. Everyone in the family was extremely tired and drained of energy. However, with a last test of strength and will, we got up and loaded our luggage into the car. The next stop for our family vacation was Chicago, Illinois.

When we arrived at O’Hare Airport we loaded our luggage into the terminals, and then boarded the airplane that would fly us to Phoenix, Arizona. So far, our trip wasn’t really exciting or memorable due to the fact that my family and I were asleep for most of the ride. Getting up at three in the mourning wasn’t entirely our top priority, but because it was vacation day we bumped it up to number one. I can honestly say that arriving at Phoenix, and seeing the incredible view of the landscape, was like no other experience. I can undoubtedly say how each unique landmark got its remarkable credit and reputation. The detail of these one-in-a-lifetime features truly inspired my family and me, and it was then where I unquestionably felt our vacation beginning. I was disappointed to leave Phoenix, Arizona, because the next step in our vacation was an anxious and impatient four or five hour plane ride to Maui, Hawaii. No one could keep the deep feeling in his or her stomachs on anticipating the end of the plane ride, for the destination to Hawaii.

After a surprising six hours of non-stop flying from Phoenix, our airplane finally arrived at the mainland of Hawaii. During the process of getting our bags and renting a car, I was continually thinking of what I would think of Hawaii. Soon enough, my thoughts were completely answered when we arrived at the Kaanapali Hotel Resort. It was a total and unforgettable paradise. What lay ahead was so incredible because it truly showed how blessed my family was. The hotel resort abut to the ocean was just the starting point of this seemingly amazing paradise. The water was as crystal clear as drinking water from the tap, and the sand was a soft and light as if you were holding on to the air around you. My family and I spent the first night finishing settling into the Kaanapali Hotel Resort, and checking out the local area, and all of its incredible aspects. That night at the resort was the most memorable and unforgettable dream night of my life. I was glad that that day was spent in relaxation because the next day held a myriad of surprises just waiting to get a hold of us.

“Rise and shine!” said my mom, “it’s time to meet up with the PADI scuba diver instructors, and start our adventure under the sea!” Though sleeping was my only priority at that moment, I wouldn’t miss this incredible opportunity to scuba dive. I felt this way because I’ve been taking tests and quizzes for many months, and it would feel amazing to actually put my training and skills into practice. Today was the day, and the moment came to test those skills, and to know if I was truly ready for a real scuba diving experience. The intensity was killing me, and I can honestly say I was worried from the beginning I woke up!

I said some prayers to the almighty God above for patience and guidance, because I was as worried as anyone who would travel to Maui, Hawaii in order to show a professional PADI scuba diving instructor you were ready. As we geared and suited up for action, my nerves were working overtime. However, I slowly eased up the tenseness as the instructor went through some basic scuba diving requirements needed for a permit to be required. One by one my family dived into the water, and sunk slowly into the vast ocean blue. The instructor then asked if I was because he saw the nervousness in my body. I told him I was, and I dove into the immense blue liquid around me.

We all grouped together in the middle of the sixty-foot ocean area selected by the instructor. We went through all of the requirements as instructed during the boat ride out to sea. Some of the requirements included taking off your mask while the regulator is still in your mouth, and then successfully placing it back on your face and draining all the water out. Another requirement was taking your regulator out your mouth, and then putting it back in. This was somewhat difficult due to the fact that you still had to breathe without the air tube securely in your mouth. After successfully finishing these requirements my family and I swam back to the boat. I thought it was a great day, however, this was when my life unfortunately was questioned.

During our swim back to the boat, I suddenly felt my body challenged to keep up with a normal inhale of oxygen! I looked at my SPG (Submersible Pressure Gauge) and my heart was at a standstill. From four hundred PSI in my tank to a dramatic one hundred PSI, and still decreasing, I was extremely low on air. Thank God for my mom and dad sending me to scuba diving training sessions, or I might not be here today. Just before the dive I remembered an adage that my instructor told me, ”If it nears the red line your near to death!” This got me scared which was terrible, if you get scared while low air, your lungs demand for more air and they panic, which expands the lungs and could lead to serious damage. I was near death, and I would’ve died, but because of my quick knowledge and referral to my scuba experience, I had a chance to save myself. With one last gulp of air, I took my chance. Without any more air, and close to death, I used my leg muscles and wished upon the star near our hotel resort that the ocean would spare me another day. Thirty, twenty-five, twenty, fifteen, I was limiting myself to air and life, but my lungs presented another problem. Thinking I had enough air left to live, my stomach picked that moment to let out a cough. Tons of essential air floated out of my mouth and headed to the surface, as if they needed to live more than I did. I was sure death had claimed me because my lungs were pleading for air, my body started to shake, and I was feeling lightheaded. Suddenly I felt eased of stress, but very uncomfortable. Was I in heaven? Did I not make it to the surface? Had the ocean claimed me? Fortunately these questions were soon answered as I felt my body regain composure, and for the first time in a while, I was so thankful for air. I was alive, and saved, and I learned a valuable lesson that day. Always take advantage of your scuba diving equipment, because it could be the decision between life and death!